

"TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE, AND IT MUST FOLLOW, AS THE

NIGHT THE DAY, THOU CANST NOT THEN BE FALSE TO ANY MAN."

BY KEITH, HOYT &amp; CO.

WALHALLA, SOUTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, 1870.

VOLUME V.—NO. 42.

## Professional Cards.

**THOS. M. WILKES,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW

—AND—  
Solicitor in Equity.

—ALSO—  
United States Commissioner,  
For the Circuit and District Courts of the United States for South Carolina.

OFFICE IN THE COURT HOUSE. WALHALLA, S. C.  
July 22, 1870 40 1y

J. H. WHITNER. WHITNER SYMMES.

**WHITNER & SYMMES,**  
Attorneys at Law,

WALHALLA, S. C.  
Office on the Public Square. February 1, 1870 16 1f

S. MCGOWAN. R. A. THOMPSON.

Abbeville, S. C. Walhalla, S. C.

**MCGOWAN & THOMPSON,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

WALHALLA, S. C.  
Will give prompt attention to all business confided to them in the State, County, and United States Courts.

OFFICE IN THE COURT HOUSE.  
The junior partner, Mr. Thompson, will also practice in the Courts of Pickens, Greenville and Anderson.  
January, 1870 1f

**JOSEPH J. NORTON,**  
Attorney at Law,  
WALHALLA, S. C.

All business for Pickens County left with  
J. E. HAGOOD, ESQ.,  
PICKENS C. H.

WILL BE PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO  
October 26, 1868 4 1f

J. P. REED. W. C. KEITH.

Anderson C. H. Walhalla.

**REED & KEITH,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW

—AND—  
Solicitors in Equity.

Have renewed their Co-partnership in the practice of Law, and extended it to all Civil and Criminal business in the Counties of Oconee and Pickens.

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Office on Public Square. Walhalla, S. C.  
July 18, 1869. 41 1f

**S. D. GOODLETT,**  
Attorney at Law

—AND—  
SOLICITOR IN EQUITY,  
HAS LOCATED

AT THE  
NEW TOWN OF PICKENS, S. C.  
Nov. 10, 1868 7 1f

**EASLEY & McBEE,**  
Attorneys at Law, &c.

WILL PRACTICE IN THE  
Courts of the Eighth Circuit.  
OFFICE AT NEW PICKENS.

W. K. EASLEY. F. B. McBEE.  
Greenville C. H. Pickens C. H.  
March 16, 1869 23

ALX. S. ERWIN. O. C. BENTLY.

Athens, Ga. Clayton, Ga.

**ERWIN & BENTLY,**  
Attorneys at Law,

WILL PRACTICE IN PARTNERSHIP  
IN THE COUNTY OF RABUN,  
STATE OF GEORGIA.  
Oct 5, 1869. 52 1f

**Medical Notice.**

THE undersigned having permanently established himself at Walhalla, offers his Professional services to the citizens and community at large for the practice of Medicine in all of its branches. He will be found at all times at his office at his residence, near Dr. Norman's Drug Store, ready and willing to give prompt attention to all calls.  
JAMES M. SLOAN, M. D.  
WALHALLA, S. C., Sept. 18, 1869. 49-1f

## POETRY.

## The Old Church.

BY WM. M. HOOPER.

I have wandered far over mountains and plains,  
And I've walked through the aisles of the proud-  
est of fanes:  
But the old church at home I have never forgot,  
And the place where it stands is a hallowed spot,  
No towers, nor columns, nor sculptures adorn  
This solemn old temple, time honored and worn,  
But plain as its service and simple as they  
Who meet there of yore and who meet there to-day.

Ah! well I remember when life was so new!  
And I hear their sweet echoes again and again:  
When Sabbath day sunlight, like angelic smiles,  
Illumined with the glory of heaven its aisles;  
And over its altar a halo was shed,  
That gleamed like a crown on the minister's head.

The old songs of Zion had melody then,  
And I hear their sweet echoes again and again:  
And I often live over the bliss of those years,  
Ere sorrow had opened its chalice of tears.  
Old church of my fathers! that altar of thine  
The pleasures of faith and of memory enshrine;  
There e'en when water on children was shed;  
There penitents knelt, and there lovers were wed—  
And there where the parents for children have prayed.

The cold forms of parents and children were laid:  
There innocent childhood first stepped on the  
scene,  
But now full of years on its staff it must lean.  
My cherished companions of childhood's glad day  
Bear traces of winter in sprinkles of gray.  
The once merry faces of girlhood I trace  
In plain, modest women of matronly grace.  
The fathers and mothers I loved, oh! so well,  
Have dropped from their posts, but in armor they  
fell.  
The minister's ready for heaven, and now  
A halo of glory encircles his brow.  
When the old church is crumbled to dust of the  
plain,  
And not even a trace of its walls shall remain—  
And when its last worshipper's long since forgot,  
The footprints of angels will follow the spot.

## Selected Story.

## A SAFE INVESTMENT.

In the second year of the late civil war, I was married, and went to live with my husband in a small village on the Hudson, some fifty or sixty miles from New York. The house we occupied was a large, rambling mansion, of considerable antiquity for this country, and stood a little apart from the rest of the village, surrounded by broad fields, and commanding a glorious view of the river and the hills of the Highlands. It had been built before the Revolution, by my husband's great grandfather, and, though destitute of many "modern improvements," was still a comfortable and pleasant residence.

My husband was a lawyer and a large real estate owner in the neighborhood, and, at the period of which I write, was greatly perplexed, like many other persons in the North, by the perilous state of the times, and especially about the safe investment of his funds, as the suspension of specie payments, the great rise in gold, and the military disasters in Virginia, made it almost impossible to tell where it would be safe to deposit or to use one's money in any large amount.

In the course of his transactions in real estate, it happened, one day, that he received what was for us then a large sum, about ten thousand dollars, which he brought home and placed in my charge, telling me at the same time that he would have to be absent during the evening, attending to some business on the other side of the river, and should not be at home until about midnight.

"You can place the money in the safe, dear," he said, as he gave it to me, "and to-morrow I will try and find some way to invest it so securely."

So saying, he stepped into the buggy, which was standing at the door, and drove away, taking with him our hired man Silas, and leaving me with no one in the house but Dinah, an old colored woman, who fulfilled in our modest household the functions of cook and maid-of-all-work, as she had long done in the family of my own parents, who, on my marriage, had yielded her to me as a valuable part of my dowry.

Dinah was indeed a character. She was tall and very stout, weighing, she never would tell how much, more than two hundred pounds. She was very black, and as lazy as she was black. I do not think any one could move more deliberately than Dinah did, that is, to move at all. And by a wonderful dispensation, she seemed to feel that whatever her other faults might be, she was strong on the point of locomotion. For when she had been moving with a ponderous slowness, aim at maddening to persons of ordinary quickness, one of her favorite expressions was, "Well, Miss Lillie, what shall I fly onto next?" How she accomplished all she did, the brownies only know. We used sometimes to tremble when there was any special hurry about our domestic arrangements, and yet Dinah al-

ways managed to bring affairs to a consummation just when a minute more would have ruined everything; and, with undisturbed front, would slowly enunciate, "Well, miss, what shall I fly onto next?"

It was nearly dark when my husband departed, and, after giving my orders to Dinah, or rather my suggestions, I left her, and made the tour of the house, to see that all was safe and properly locked up. This duty attended to, I went to my bedroom, intending to pass the time in reading until my husband should return.

It was a large room, on the ground floor, with two French windows opening on a broad veranda. The windows were draped with long yellow silk curtains, between which the moonlight faintly entered, dimmed by the shadow of the roof of the piazza, and partly intercepted by the fringe of woodbine which hung from it. My bed stood with its foot toward the windows, and with its head about half a yard from the wall. It was an old-fashioned structure, hung with yellow silk like the windows, but I slept with the hangings drawn back and fastened to the head-board. The bed was so large that no one ever thought of moving it, except in those seasons of household panic called house-cleaning, when the combined strength of three or four men was called into requisition to draw it into the middle of the room. So elaborately carved was it that it went by the name of Westminster Abbey in the family. At one end of the room, at no great distance from the bed, was a large safe, built into the huge chimney of the mansion, with a door high enough for a person to enter standing upright. Here I was accustomed to place, every evening, our silver plate on shelves which extended around the sides, on which were also placed boxes containing papers and other valuables. Opposite the foot of the bedstead, between the windows, was a mirror, running from the floor almost to the ceiling. Like all other furniture in the room, it was old and handsome. How many happy scenes it had reflected in the hundred years it had stood there!

The night was exceedingly hot, and I therefore left the windows open, though I drew the curtains before I seated myself at the table in the centre of the room, lighted the candles, and began to read, in order to pass the heavy time before the return of my husband. After a while I heard the clock strike nine, at which hour Dinah always went to bed. Her chamber was in the attic, the third story of the house. Remembering some household matter about which I wished to speak to her, I started hurriedly up, and went into the entry to intercept her before she got up stairs. I had to wait about a minute before she came, and our colloquy continued three or four minutes more.

When I returned to my bedroom, feeling somewhat tired, I resolved to go to bed, as, at that late hour in the country, it was quite certain that no visitors would call, and my husband could let himself in with the latch-key, which he always carried. I thought, however, that I would try to keep awake by reading, and accordingly placed a light stand and the candle at the head of my bed. I then closed and fastened the windows, undressed and got into bed. The key of the safe I placed, as usual, under my pillow.

After reading perhaps half an hour, I grew weary of the book, and, quietly laying it down, remained for some minutes meditating with my eyes fixed on the mirror opposite the foot of the bed, in which I could see myself reflected, together with the yellow silk curtains behind my head. I was thinking not unnaturally, how pretty I looked, and how happy I was with such a loving husband and such a large sum of money secure in our safe, when suddenly I saw in the mirror a sight that made my heart stand still. A hand appeared between the curtains, drawing them slowly apart, and grasping cautiously the head-board. It was a man's hand, large and coarse and dark, as if belonging to a mulatto, or to one greatly tanned by exposure to the weather.

My first impulse was to start from the bed, and scream for help. I repressed it by a strong effort of will, and lay perfectly motionless, except that I partially closed my eyes, keeping them only sufficiently open to watch the mirror. As quick as lightning my mind took in the situation. In the few minutes of my absence from the room, while talking to Dinah in the entry, a thief, a robber, a possible murderer, had stolen in by the piazza-windows, and had hidden himself either under the bed or behind its draped head. He was doubtless armed; and if I cried out and attempted to escape from the room, he could easily reach the door before I could, and for his own security would probably put me to death. Dinah was too distant and too feeble and clumsy, to afford me any assistance, and besides by this time was fast asleep in the third story. The man doubtless knew that my husband had that day received a large sum of money, and had gone off across the river, leav-

ing me alone, or nearly alone, in the house. He had entered, caring only for the money, and anxious above all things to escape undetected and unrecognized. If I let him know that I was aware of his presence, I should expose myself to murder, and perhaps to outrage worse than murder. My obvious policy was to keep quiet and feign sleep. I thought also of the money, and was not altogether willing to resign that without an effort to save it, and to have at least some clue to the identity of the thief. I confess, however, that this last consideration was not a very strong one, and an afraid that if I could have seen my way clear to an escape from the room and the house, I should have fled incontinently, without stopping to see more than that terrible hand.

A moment which seemed an hour passed while those thoughts rushed through my mind. I lay perfectly still, with my half-closed eyes watching the mirror. Slowly and noiselessly the frightful hand pulled up its owner, until I could see the head and face revealed in the glass, and glaring at me with fierce yet wary eyes. The man was a mulatto, very dark, with evil passions written in every lineament. I could scarcely refrain from shuddering at the sight of his hateful visage, and speedily closed my eyes to shut it out.

I was not yet quite ready for the ordeal through which I knew I must soon pass. I wanted to move my light stand a little out of the way, and to so arrange the bedclothes that I could spring from the bed without impediment. I therefore gave a little sigh, and moved, as if about to awake, slightly opening my eyes at the same time. The head and the hand instantly disappeared. I then composedly made the desired changes in the position of the stand and the arrangement of the clothes, put my watch with the key of the safe under my pillow, so near the edge that they could be easily taken out, as I knew they would be—extinguished one of my candles, said my prayers, and closing my eyes, resigned myself to my fate, with no very sanguine or definite hope of extrication from my perilous position.

I made my breathing regular, and a little louder than when I was awake, and lay with my cheek on my hand, counterfeiting sleep. At last the stillness became more terrible than even my first agony of fear. Several times I fancied I heard a soft step approach from the place of concealment. As often I was deceived. Then again that dreadful stillness, in which I counted the ticking of the watch through the pillow. It was a positive relief when he came out from behind the curtain, stepped at the table, and stood looking at me, as I was well aware, though my eyes were closed. I forced myself to breathe regularly and audibly. He came closer; he bent over me. He passed the lighted candle slowly before my face two or three times. I felt the heat, and saw the light through my closed lids, which must have quivered, though he did not seem to observe their motion. Heaven gave me strength not to move nor to cry out. Satisfied, apparently, he put back the candlestick on the stand, and his hand crept softly and slowly under the pillow, and, one by one, he removed my watch and the key of the safe. He stood so long looking at me that I felt impelled to open my eyes suddenly upon him.

As he walked softly toward the safe, I did partly open them, and cautiously watched him through my eyelashes. I heard him fumbling with the lock, and once he looked over toward the bed. My eyes were wide open, but I closed them in time not to be detected. Watching him stealthily, I saw him open the door of the safe, go back to the stand for the candle, and return to the safe, which he entered without withdrawing the key from the lock.

Here was the opportunity for which I had waited and watched. I sprang lightly from the bed, with one bound reached the safe, dashed the door to, turned the key, and with one loud shriek fell prostrate and senseless on the floor of the dark room.

How long I lay upon the floor I don't know—probably for a few minutes only—but as I was unconscious, it seemed, when I came to myself, as if the interval had been a long one. I was aroused by his blows upon the iron door, and found myself weak after the long nervous tension, but still calm. I remember the satisfaction with which I thought, while I lay there before rising, that he could not escape, mingled with a vague and foolish dread that he might in his rage burn the valuable contents of the safe. He pounded desperately on the door and swore fearfully at finding himself entrapped. But as I took no notice of his outcries, he soon grew quiet.

Presently I rose, and lightening a candle, dressed myself with all possible haste and with trembling fingers, turning often to look at the safe, from under the closed door of which I more than half expected to see blood trickling—why, I cannot tell, except that my mind was full of images of horror. I was

soon in readiness. I had no means of ascertaining the time, as he had my watch in his pocket, and there was no clock in the room. Taking the candle I hastened to arouse Dinah who, as I shook her, slowly opened her eyes, and with scarcely any more than her usual slowness pronounced her formula: "Well, Miss Lillie, what shall I fly—Lord a massy! what's do matter wid de chile? You aint seen a ghost—have you honey?"

"No, Dinah; but I've seen something worse than a ghost. I've caught a robber, and he's in the safe. What time is it?" and looking at the clock, that ticked slowly and deliberately—as how could Dinah's clock help doing?—I saw to my great relief that it was nearly midnight.

We had scarcely got down stairs when I heard the sound of wheels. A moment more and my husband was in my arms, listening with amazement to a rapid narrative of my singular adventure. I would not suffer him to open the safe until Silas had summoned assistance from the neighboring houses. I feared that my desperate prisoner would still escape. When the safe was opened, there sat my burglar on the trunk, half stupefied for want of air, a knife in one hand, the package of money in the other, and the burned out candle at his feet. He was recognized as an old offender, who had not been long out of State prison; to which, in due course of law, he was soon sent back for a term of years, which I devoutly hope may last as long as he lives; for I confess I should not feel easy to hear that he was again at large. The look of rage he gave me on coming out of the safe will not soon be obliterated from my memory.

My husband, I need hardly say, was greatly pleased with my safe investment, and complimented me highly on the courage and coolness which had doubtless saved my life as well as our money. The love and pride with which he regarded me, and with which he always, to this day, rehearses my exploit, were of themselves a sufficient compensation for the horror and the agony of that long summer night.

FROM THE BATTLE FIELD.—The Charleston papers of last Friday relate an interesting incident connected with the war, of peculiar attraction to our people, especially to the numerous personal friends of the gallant and lamented Gen. Samuel M. Wilkes, who was killed at the first battle of Manassas, and whose remains now repose in one of our village churchyards. Col. J. B. E. Sloan, of Charleston, who bravely commanded the Fourth South Carolina Volunteers in the battle referred to, on the 21st inst., (the ninth anniversary of the battle) received by express a pocket book which was the property of Gen. Wilkes, Adjutant of the 4th Regiment in that contest. When this officer fell mortally wounded, certain articles of value on his person were carried off by the enemy, and among others this pocket-book. It contains a lock of hair of his wife and child, a South Carolina bank bill, some military memoranda and other articles which, as connected with the last moments of a gallant soldier, will be of enduring interest to his family and friends. The articles have been sent back by some one at the North, who had them in possession, and the package will be forwarded by Col. Sloan to the family of the honored and deceased soldier.—Anderson Intelligencer.

THE GREAT HEAT OF 1870.—The present year seems destined to be crowded with both political and physical phenomena. The re-establishment of the second Napoleon empire by popular vote; the proclamation of infallibility in a mortal man; the most sudden and possible and most terrifically destructive war of modern times; the burning of Constantinople; the savage slaughter of struggling patriots in Cuba, have been and are accompanied by an almost universal drought in Europe, the failure of crops, the most awful tornadoes and electric storms, and the most general range of earth quakes experienced within the memory of man. But not the least remarkable of all these incidents to a remarkable epoch has been the surprising succession of hot spells that have made both hemispheres rant and swelter beneath the rays of a sun that seems to be seven times heated. For one month, with only an odd interval to give us breath, the denizens of New York and a wide region of territory north and west of it have groaned in the torrid temperature of Calcutta. On successive days in June the mercury rose above 100° Fahrenheit, and on Thursday last it was ten degrees higher there than at Havana and New Orleans.—New York Herald.

An exchange says it believes that Congress reflects the full average of public morality. This is worse than saying that there is no such thing as public morality.

The Government Council has declared the Pope infallible.

## Can Prussians Whip Frenchmen?

Referring to the battles of 1812, 1814 and 1816, in which the Prussians were often exclusively pitted against the French alone, so as to find test trials of the relative fighting powers of these two peoples, a well informed European writer in the Cincinnati Commercial, Mr. Daniel Roemer, says: There were ten great battles in 1812, namely: Lutzen, May 2; Bautzen, May 20 and 21; Luckau, June 3; Gross-Beren, August 23; Katzbach, August 26; Dresden, August 26 and 27; Kulm, August 30; Dennewitz, September 6; Leipzig, October 16, 18 and 19; Hanau, 29 and 30, besides the engagement of Wartenburg, October 3, the combat of Moeckern near Magdeburg, April 5, not to be confounded with the battle of Moeckern, October 16, which formed an episode in the battle of Leipzig. The combats of Konigs-wartha and Wessig, May 18; the combat Am Goerder Wald, September 16; the combat near Weimer between Tettelnborn and Lo Fevre Doerouettes, whose date I have forgotten, and innumerable smaller fights, impossible to remember.

The only battles in which Prussians alone, without being outnumbered by Russians or Austrians, fought the French, were Luckau, Gross-Beren, Katzbach and Dennewitz, and the engagement of Wartenburg, in all five of which the Prussians were victorious. The battle of Dennewitz is moreover the most glorious victory of this century. Forty thousand Prussians under Bulow utterly routed seventy thousand Frenchmen under Ney. No nation can show such a glorious victory in the present century. In the year 1814 there were six important battles: La Rothier (February 1); Bar sur Aube (February 27); Laon (March 9, 10); Montereau (March 15, I believe); Arcis sur Aube (March 20) and Paris (March 30), then the engagement of Craonno (March 8, if I remember right), the combats of Champaubert, Vauchamps, Etoges, Montmirail, besides minor fights, as for instance La Fere Champenoise. Of these the Prussians alone engaged the French at Laon, Etoges and Montmirail, in the first victoriously, in the two latter they were beaten. In 1815 there were two battles, Ligny and Waterloo, and two engagements, at Quatrebras and Wavre, besides the smaller fights. Of these the Prussians fought alone at Ligny and Wavre, in the former they were beaten, the latter was undecided.

"THERE IS NO WAR AFTER DEATH."—Such was the magnanimous reply of the Prussian Ambassador to an invitation to attend the funeral of the French diplomatic representative in Washington. The sentiment was worthy of a great soul, and we honor the man that uttered it. God grant that the inspiration may strike home in some of the baser American hearts about Washington which have delighted in pursuing the dead and heaping indignity on their graves. We commend it especially to the savage head of the "Army of the Republic," and bid him learn from this stranger of a foreign land now engaged in deadly strife the sentiments and customs of a civilized age. Baron Gerolt's humanity can drop a tear upon the grave of his country's enemy in the midst of war.—Yet, five long years after its day has been hushed in this professedly Christian land, a flower from the hand of kindred and friends is refused to the resting-place of the Confederate dead! We thank the Baron for his rebuke, and commend the lesson to all.—Savannah Republican.

OLDEST REPUBLIC ON EARTH.—The American Quarterly Review contains a letter from G. W. Irving, Esq., giving a sketch of his visit to Marino, a small republic in Italy, between the Apennines, the Po, and the Adriatic. The territory of the State is only forty miles in circumference, and its population about 7,000. The republic was founded more than 1,400 years ago, on moral principles, industry and equality, and has preserved its liberty and independence amid all the wars and discords which have raged around it. Bonaparte respected it, and sent an embassy to express his sentiments of friendship and fraternity. It is governed by a captain regent, chosen every six months by the representatives of the people, (sixty in number,) who are chosen every six months by the people. The taxes are light, the farm houses are neat, the fields well cultivated, and on all sides are seen comfort and plenty—the happy effect of morality, simplicity and frugality.

RALEIGH, July 26.—Governor Holden refuses to surrender to Chief Justice Pearson the citizens of Alamance County, arrested and now detained by Kirk, through his orders. This refusal is in reply to an order from the Chief Justice to produce the men. Kirk has now in custody over 100 citizens. It is said that Governor Holden has ordered a military commission to assemble at Yanceyville, to try those under arrest.